Thycke scorner.

O to Jesu the gentyll ꝑ bought Adam frō hel
Saue you all louerayns & solace you sende
And of this mater that I begyn to tell
I pray you of audience til I haue made an end
For I say to you my name is Pyte
That euer yet hath ben mannes frende
In the bosome of the seconde persone in Trynyte
I sprange as a plante/mannes mysse to amende
Lou for to helpe I haue put to my hande
Recorde I take of Marye that wepte teares of blode
I Pyte within her herte syd stande
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode
The swerde of sorowe gaue that lady a wonde
Whan a spere claue here sones herte in sonder
She cryed out and fell to the grounde
Though she was wo/it was no wonder
This delycate coloure that goodly lady
Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone all dede
Splayd on the crosse with the fyue welles of pyte
Of purple veluet poudred with roses redde
Loo I pyte thus made your crande to be spedde
For elles man for euer sholde haue ben forlore
A mayde so layde his lyfe to wedde
Crowned as a kynge/and the thornes prycked hym fore
Charytie and I / of true loue we lede the double rayne
Who that me loueth/dampned neuer shall be
Of some vertuous company I wolde be sayne
For all that wyll to heuen/must nedes come by me
Chefe porter I am of that heuenly Cite
And now wyll I rest me here a lytell space
Tyll it please our lorde Jesu of his grace
Some vertuous company me for to sende.

Contemplacyon.

Chryst that was chrystens/crucyfyed and crowned
In his bosome true loue was gaged with a spere
His vaynes bruled and broken and to a pylle bounde
Wyth scourges he was lasshed the knottes the skyn tare
On his necke to Caluerly/the greate trosse he bare
His bloode ran to the grounde/as scrypture dothe tell
His burden was so heuy/that vnder it he fell
Loo I am kynne to the lorde that is goddes sonne
My name is wrytten formest in the boke of lyfe
For I am called perfyte contemplacyon
And brother to holy churche/that is our lordes wyfe
Johan baptyst/Anthony and Jerome/with many mo
Folowed me here in holte hethy and in wyldernes
I euer with hym went/wher so euer they dyd go
Nyght and daye to warde the waye of ryghtoulnes
I am the chefe lanterne of holynes
Of prelates and preestes I am theyr patron
No armour so stronge in no dystresse
Habergon nor helme/ne yet no geltron
To fyght with Sathan I am the champyon
That dare abyde and manfully stande
Fendes they flee away where they se me come
But I shall shewe you why I came to this lande
For to preache and teach of goddes soth sawen
Agaynst hyce that doth rebell agaynst hym and his lawen.

Pitie.

God spede good brother/fro whens come ye nowe.

Contemplacyon.

Syr I come from perseueraunce to seke you.

Pitie.

Why syr knowe ye me.

Contemplacyon.

Ee syr and haue done longe/youre name is Pytye.

Pytye.

¶ Your name fayne wolde I knowe.

¶ Contemplacyon.

¶ In dede I am called contemplacyon
That dieth to lyue solytary
In wodes and wyldernes I walke alone
Wycause I wolde saye my prayers deuoutly
I loue not with me to haue moche company
But Perseueraunce ofte with me doth mete
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that ben full heuenly
Thus he and I togyder full swetely do slepe
I thanke god that we be mete togyder.

¶ Pytye.

¶ Syr I trust that perseueraunce shortly wyll cõme hyder

¶ Contemplacyon.

¶ Than I thynke to heare some good tydynge.

¶ Pytye.

¶ I waraunt you brother that he is commynge.

¶ Perseueraunce.

¶ The eternall god that named was Messias
He gyue you grace to comme to that glory
Where euer is ioye in the celestycall place
Whan you of sathan wynne the victory
Euery man ought to be glad to haue me in his company
For I am named good Perseueraunce
That eure is guyded by vertuous gouernaunce
I am neuer varyable/but alway do contynewe
Styll goynge vpwarde the ladder of grace
And loue in me planted is so treewe
And fro the poze man I wyll neuer turne my face
Whan I go by my selfe/ofte I do remembze
The great kyndnes that god shewed vnto man
For to be bozne in the moneth of December
Whan the daye wareth shozte and the nyghte longe
Of his goodnes that champyon stronge

A .iij.

Descended downe fro the father of rygh[illegible]
And rested in Mary the flowre of meknes
Nowe to his place hyther comme I am
To seke contemplacyon my kynsman.

Contemplacyon.

What brothers Perseueraunce/ ye be welcomme.

Perseueraunte.

And so be you also Contemplacyon.

Contemplacyon.

Lo here is oure mayster Pyte.

Perseueraunce.

Now truly ye be welcome in to this countre.

Pyte.

I thanke you hartely fyr perseueraunce.

Perseueraunce.

Mayster Pyte one thyng is comme to my remembraūce
What tydynges heare you now.

Pyte.

Syr such as I can I shall shewe you
I haue herde many men complayne pyteously
They saye they be smytten with the swerde of pouertie
In our place where I do goo
Fewe frendes pouertie doth fynde
And these ryche men ben vnkynde
For their neyghbours they wyll nought do
Wydowes do curse lordes and gentylmen
For they constrayne them to mary with their men
Ye whether they wyll or no
Men mary for good/ and that is dampnable
Ye with olde women that is fyfty and beyonde
The peryll now/ no man dreade wyll
All is not goddes wyll that is vsed in lande
Beware wyll they not/ tyll deth in his hande
Take his swerde and smyte asonder the lyke bande

And with his mortall stroke cleueth the herte in twayne
They trust so in mercy/the lanterne of bryghtnes
That nothyng do they drede goddes ryghtwysnes.
Perseueraunce.
O Jesu syr/here is a heuy tydynge.
Pytie.
Syr this is true that I do bringe
Contemplacyon.
Howe am I beloued mayster Pytie where ye comme
Pytie.
In good fayth/people haue now small deuocyon
And as for you brother Contemplacyon
There me dieth fewe or none.
Contemplacyon.
Yes I truste prestes loue me wele.
Pytie.
But fewe ywys/and some neuer a dele.
Contemplacyon.
Why syr without me they may not playe clene.
Pytie.
Naye that is the leeste thoughte they haue of hyrtens
And that maketh me full heuy.
Contemplacyon.
And trowe you there be no remedy.
Pytie
Full harde/for syn is now so greuous and yll
That I thynke it be growen to an vnpossybyll
And one thynge maketh me euer morynynge
That prestes lacke vtteraunce to shewe theyr cunnynge
And all the whyle that clerkes do vse so greate synne
Amonge the lay people/loke neuer for no mendyng.
Perseueraunce.
Alas that is an heuy case
That so great syn is vsed in euery place

I pray god it amende.

Contemplacyon.

Now god that euer hath ben mans frende
Some better tydynges soone vs sende
For now I must be gone
Farewell good brethren dere
Woche bulynes I haue els where
That must neues be done
I truste I wyll not longe tary
Thyther I wyll hye me shortly
And come agayne whan I haue done.

Perseueraunce.

Thyther agayne I truste you wyll come
Therfore god be with you.

Contemplacyon.

Syr I must neues departe now
Jesu me spede this daye.

Perseueraunce.

Nowe brother Contemplacyon/let vs goo eare ward.

Frewyll.

Ware felowes and make me roume
How saye you/am not I a goodly persone
I trowe you knowe not suche a iestе
What syrs I tell you my name is frewyll
I may chose whyther I wyll do good or euyll
But for all that/I wyll do as mylyst
Wy condycyons ye knowe not pardy
I can chyde/fyght/and be merry
Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery
And ye knewe all
What fyll the cup and make good chere I
I trowe I haue a noble here
Who lent it me/by Chyst a frere
And I gaue hym a fall

Where be ye syr/ be ye at home
Cockes passion/ my noble is turned to a stone
Where laye I lak/ I beshrewe your herte Jone
Now by cockes ten bones she hath begyled me
Let se/ a peny my sowter/ a pece of flesshe. .v. pens
My bede ryght nought/ let se all this expens
Now by these bones I haue lost an halfpeny
Who laye there/ my felowe Imagynacyon
Ye and I had good communycacyon
Of syr Johan and Sybyll
How they were spyed in bedde togyder
And he prayed her after to comme thyder
For to synge lo lylowe
They two togyder had good sporte
But at the stewes syde I lost a grote
I trowe I shall neuer ythe
My felowe promysed me here to mete
But I trow the hores sone be a slepe
With a wenche same where
Howe Imagynacyon comme hyther
And you thryue this yere I lese a fether
I beshrewe your herte appere.

Imagynacyon.

What howe howe/ who calleth after me.

Frewyll.

Comme nere ye shall neuer ythe
Where haue ye ben so longe.

Imagynacyon.

By god with me it is all wronge
I haue a payre of sore buttockes
All in prons was my longe
Euen now I sate gryued in a payre of stockes.

Frewyll.

Cockes passion/ and how so.

Syr I wyll tell you what I haue do
I met with a wenche and she was fayre
And of loue hertely I dyd her praye
And so promysed her money
Syr she wynked on me and sayde nought
But by her loke I knew yet thought
Than into lones dauncē we were brought
That we played the pryde why
I wote not what we dyd togythes
But a knaue catchepoll nyghes vs nere
And so dyd vs espye
A strype he gaue me/I redde my touche
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche
By your leue he lefte me not a peny
Lo nought haue I but a buckle
And yet I can ymagyn thynges lutle
For to get mony plenty
In westmynstre hall euery terme I am
To me is kynne many a great gentylman
I am knowne in euery countre
And I were deed lawyers thryfte were lost
For this wyll I do/yf men tuyll do cost
Proue ryght wronge/and all by good reason
And make men lese both house and lande
For all that they can do/in a lytle season
Peche men of treason prytely I can
And whan me lyst/to hange a true man
If they wyll me mony tell
Theues I can helpe out of prylon
And into lordes fauour I can get me soone
And be of their preuy counsell
But fre wyll my dere brother
Sawe you not of Pyche scrones

he promyſed me to comme hyther.

Frewyll.

Why ſyr knowſt thou hym.

Imagynacion.

Ye man, he is full nye of my kynne
And in Newgate we dwell togyder
For he and I were ſhakeled in a fetter.

Frewyll.

Syr lay you beneth or on hye on the ſeller.

Imagynacyon.

Nay ywys amonge the thyckeſt of yemen of the coller.

Frewyll.

By your thaw were ye in great feare.

Imagynacyon.

Syr had not I ben. CC. had ben thrall in a halter.

Frewyll.

And what lyfe had they there all that great ſorte.

Imagynacyon.

Syr ones in the yere they ſawe halters of burpoyte
At tyburne there ſtandeth a great frame
Some there taketh a fall that maketh theyr necke lame.

Frewyll.

Ye but can they go no more.

Imagynacyon.

O no man, the wreſt is twyſt ſo ſore
For as ſoone as they haue ſayd in manus tuas omes
Theyr breth is ſtopped by theſe bones.

Pytye.

Why do they praye in that place there.

Contemplacyon.

Ye ſyr they ſtande in great fere
And ſo faſt tangled in that ſnare
It falleth to theyr lotte to haue the ſame ſhare.

Frewyll.

That is a nauy she sight to se them toller on theme

Imagynacyon.

Syr the hozelones coude not carye them
Fo; and they coude haue caryed by craft as I can
In p;ocesse of yeres eche of them shulde be a gentylman
Yet as fo; me I was neuer theke
If my handes were swyft of I can stele with my feth
Fo; ye knowe well there is craft in daddynge
I can loke in a mannes face and pyke his purse
And tell newe tydynges that was neuer true ywys
Fo; my hode is all lyned with lefynge.

Frewyll.

Cue but wente ye neuer to tydurne on pylgrymage.

Imagynacyon.

No ywys/ no; none of all my lygnage
Fo; we be clerkes/ and ran ouer all the yerth
And with an oynemente the iuges handes I can grece
That wyll heale lo;es whiche be incurable.

Frewyll.

Why were ye neuer founde repzouable.

Imagynacyon.

Yes ones I stale a hozse in the tryde
And lepte on hym fo; to haue ryden my waye
At the last a bayly me mette and beholde
And bade me stande/ than was I in a fraye
He asked whether with that hozse I wolde goone
And than I tolde hym it was myne owne
He sayd I had stolen hym/ and I sayd naye
This is sayd he/ my brothers hackenaye
Fo; an I had not excused me without fayle
By oure ladye he wolde haue lodde me streyghte to gayle
And than I tolde hym/ that hozse was lyke myne
A browne baye/ a longe mane/ and byd halt behynde
Thus I tolde hym that suche an othere hozse I byde lacke

And yet I neuer sawe hym/ nor came on his backe
So I deliuered hym the horse agayne
And whan he was gone/ than was I layne
For an I had not excused me the better
I nowe well I sholde haue daunced in a fetter.

Frewyll.

And sayd he no more to the but so.

Imaginacyon.

Ues/ he pretended me moche harme to do
But I tolde hym that mornyng was a great myst
That what horse it was I ne wyst
Also I sayde that in my heed I had the mygryme
That made me to daseil so in myne eyen
That I myght not well se
And thus he departed shortely fro me.

Frewyll.

Cue but where is Hycke scorner now.

Imaginacyon.

Some of these felowes haue hyd hym in they? bosomes
(I waraunt you.

Frewyll.

Let vs make a crye/ that he may vs here.

Imaginacyon.

Howe howe Hyckescorner appere
I trowe thou be hyd in some cornere.

Hyk scorner.

Ale the helme ale here shot of here sayle here.

Fre wyll.

Cockes body herke/ he is in a shyp on the see.

Hyk scorner.

God spede god spede/ who calleth after me.

Imaginacyon.

What brother/ welcome by this precyous bodye
I am glad that I you se

It was tolde me that ye were hanged
But out of what countre come ye.

Hyk scorner.

Syr I haue bene in many a countrey
As in Fraunce/Irelande/and in Spayne
Portyngale/Cyuyle/also in Almayne
Freselande/Flaunders/and in Burgoyne
Calabre/Poyle/and Arragoyne
Brytayne/Bylke/and also in Galcoyne
Naples/Grece/and in the myddest of Scotlande
At cape sayne Vincent/and in the new founde yland
I haue ben in Genes and in Cetye
Also in the land of cumbylow
Thre myle out of hell
Where men seth russhes in gruell
At Rodes/Costantynople/and in Babylande
In Cornewayle/and in Northumberlande
Yet syr in Caldey/Tartare/and in ynde
And in the lande of women/that fewe men do fynde
In all these countreys haue I be.

Fre wyll.

Syr what tydynges heare ye now on the see.

Hyk scorner.

We met of shyppes a great nauye
Full of people that wolde into Ireland
And they came out of this countre
But they wyll neuer returne into Englande.

Imagynacyon.

Whens were the shyps of them knewest thou none.

Hyk scorner.

Herken and I wyll shew you theyr names echone
Fyrst was the Regent with Wyghell of Bristow
The George with the Gabryell/and the anne of Foy
The sterre of salt asshe/wyth the Jesus of plymouth

Also the Hermytage/ with the barbara of Dartmouth
The Nycolas/ and the Mary bellous of Bristowe
With the Helyn of London/ and James also
Great was the people that was in them
All true relygyous and holy women
There was treuth and his kynsmen
With pacience/ mekenes/ and humylytye
In all true maydens with theyr bryghtnytye
Good preachers/ fadnes and charytye
Ryght conscyence and fayth with deuocyon
And the poore in spirite that denyed to haue promocion
True byers and sellers and almes deedes doers
Pytyous people that be of synne stroyers
With full abstynence and good counseylers
Mourners for syn with lamentacion
And good tyche men that helpeth folke out of pryson
True wedlocke was there also
With yonge men that euer in prayer bed go
The shyps were laden with such vnhappy company
But at the laste god shope a remedy
For they all in the see were drowned
And on a quicke sande they stroke on grounds
The see swalowed them euerychone
I wote well on lyue there scaped not one.

Imagynacyon.

Lo now my hert is glad and mery
For joye now let vs synge derydery.

Ryghtscorner.

Felowes they shall vs neuer withstande
For I sawe them all drowned in the sale of Irelande.

Frewyll.

Cue but yet herke Ryche scorner
What company was in the shyp that ye came ouer.

Ryght scorner.

¶ Syr I wyll saye you to vnderstande
There were good felowes aboue fyue thousande
And all they be kyn to vs thre
There was falshod / fauell / and sutletye
Ielousye / and hoyes / with other good company
Lyers / backbytters / and flatterers that be wyly
Braulers / great yetters / and chyders
Walkers by nyght / with great murders
Querthwart / gyle / and foly carders
Oppressours of people / with many sweters
There was false lawe / with horyble vengeaunce
Frowarde obstynacyon / with myscheuous gouernaunce
Wanton wenches / and also mychers
With many other of the deuyls officers
And hatred that is so myghtye and stronge
Hath made a bowe to dwell in Englande.

¶ Imagynacyon.

¶ But is that true that thou dost shewe nowe.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ Syr euery worde as I do tell you.

¶ Frewyll.

¶ Fro whens is your shyp / of London.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ Ye ywys / fro thens dyd she come
And she is called the Enuye
I tell you a greate shyppe and a myghtye
The owner of her is called yll wyll
Brother to Jacke poller of shoters hyll.

¶ Imagynacyon.

¶ Syr what office in the shyp bare ye.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ Mary I kept a kayre shop of bawdry
I had thre wenches that were full pretty
Jane true and thryftles / and Wanton Sybyll

If ye ryde her a iourney/ she wyl make you wery
For she is trusty at a nede
If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasures
I warraunt you/ tyre her ye shall neuer
So she is so at nede
Ryde and ye wyll ten tymes a daye
I warraunt you she wyll neuer saye you naye
My lyfe I dare laye to wedde.

Imagynacyon.

Now pluncke vp your hertes and make good chere
These tydynges lyke me wonders well
Now vertue shall vp awe arere arere
Harke felowes a good sporte I can you tell
At the stewes we wyll go lye to nyght
And by my trouth/ yf all go a syght.
I wyll begyle some pyety wenche
To gete me money at a penche
How saye you/ shall we go thyder
Let vs kepe company all togyder
And I wolde that we had goddes curse
If we some where do not get a purse
Euery man beare his dagger drawen in his hande
And yf we mete a true man/ make hym to stande
Or elles that he beare a stryppe
If that he struggle or make any werke
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte
And throwe hym in to the Tammes quyte.

Fetwyll.

May thy knaues in a lefe is good at nale
But thou lubber Imagynacyon
That cuckolde thy father where is he becomme
At Newgate doth he lye styll in tayle.

Imagynacyon.

Knaue hoyst one thou shalt beare me a stryppe

Wayst thou that my mother is an hoze.

Frewyll.

Nay syr/but the last nyght
I sawe syr Johñ and her towblynge on the floze.

Imagynacyon.

Nay by cockes herte thou shalt lose an arme.

Hyk scorner.

Nay syr I charge you do hym no harme.

Imagynacyon.

And thou pyate moche I wyll breake thy heed ta.

Hyk scorner.

By layntc Marye and I wyst that/I wolde be agr.

Imagynacyon.

Ware aware/the hozeson shall abye
his prest wyll I be/by cockes body.

Hyk scorner.

Kepe peace least knaues blonde the shadde.

Frewyll.

By god yf his was nought/myne was as badde.

Imagynacyon.

By cockes herte ye shall dye on my dagger.

Hyk scorner.

By our lady than wyll ye be stretched in a halter.

Imagynacyon.

The hozeson shall eate hym as faste as he wyll wade.

Hyk scorner.

I be shrew your herte/put up your blade
Shethe youre whyttell/oz by hym that was neuer bozne
I wyll rappe you on the cost arde with my hozne
What wyll you playe the knaue.

Imagynacyon.

By cokes herte and thou a buffet shalt haue.

Frewyll.

Lo syr/here is a goodly company god be

for yf anyuil bs be mayre of London
ewys I wyll ryde to Rome on my thum
Alas alc/is not this a greate feares
I wolde they were in a mylpale aboue the eares
And than I warrant you they wolde departe anuone.

Hyk scorner.

Helpe helpe for the paslyon of my soule
He hath made a great hole in my poule
That all my wytte is sette to the grounde
Alas a leche for to helpe my wounde.

Imagynacyon.

May ywys horesone I wyll bete the or I goo.

Frewyll.

Alas good syr what haue I do.

Imagynacyon.

Ware make rome/he shall haue a strype I trowe

Pytie.

Peace peace syr I commaunde you.

Imagynacyon.

Auaunt olde churle/whence comest thou
And thou prate so moche/I wyll breke thy browe
And sende the home agayne.

Pytie.

A good syr/the peace I wolde haue kept fayne
My office is/to se no man fayne
And where they do amysse/I gyue them good counsell
Synne to for sake/and goddes lawe them tell.

Imagnacyon.

A syr I wende thou haddest ben drowned and gone
But I haue slypped there escaped one.

Hyk scorner.

Imagynacyon/do by the counseyle of me
Be agreed with Frewyll/and let vs good felowes be
And than as for this choyle pite

Shall curse the tyme that euer he came to lande.

Imagynacyon.

Brothes frewyll gyue me your hande
And all myne euyll wyll I forgyue the.

Frewyll.

Syr I thanke you hertely
But what shall we do with this choyle pyke.

Imaginacyon.

I wyll goo to hym and pyke a quarell
And make hym a theefe / and say he hyd theis
Of myne forty pounde in a bagge.

Frewyll.

By god that tydynges wyll make hym sadde
And I wyll go fetche a payre of gyles
For in good fayth he shall be set fast by the heles.

Hyd scorner.

Haue ydo lyghtly and be gone
And let vs twayne with hym alone.

Frewyll.

Now fare well / I vs shrew you euerychone.

Hyd scorner.

Howe howe Frewyll you thre and no mo.

Imagynacyon.

Thou lewde felowe / sayst thou that thy name is pyte
Who sente the hyther to controll me.

Pyte.

Good syr it is my propertie
For to despyse synfull lyuynge
And vnto vertue men to bryngs
Yf that they wyll do after me.

Imagynacyon.

What syr art thou so pope holy
I se this caytyfe / I trowe he wolde prayed be
In you thryue this yere / I wyll lose apeu

Lo lyrs outwarde he beareth a fayre face
But and he mette with a wenche in a preuy place
I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace
By god ye may trust me.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ Lo wyll you se this cayteues meanynge
He wolde destroye vs and all oure kynne
Nat had I leuer se hym hanged by the chynne
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute
And with this dagger thou shalt haue a clout
Without thou wylt be lyghtly gone.

¶ Imaginacyon.

¶ Nay brother lay handes on hym soone
For he raped my wyfe and made me cocholde
And yet the traytour was so bolde
That he stale forty pounde of mynd in money.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ By saynt Marye than he shall not scape
We wylled hym streyght to Newgate
For there he can not conne awaye.

¶ Frewyll.

¶ Se a se lyrs what I haue brought
A medycyne for a payre of lore shynnes
At the kynges benche lyrs I haue you sought
But I pray you who shall weare these.

¶ Hyk scorner.

¶ By god this felowe that may not go heus
I wyll go gyue hym these hose rynges
Now in fayth they be worth forty pens
But to bynde his handes I lacke two bondes.

¶ Imaginacyon.

¶ Holde horelone/here is a halter
Bynde hym faste and make hym sure.

¶ Pytye.

Comen/let treuth that is the trewe mans
Be your guyde/or elles ye be forlorne
Lay no false wytnes as wyll as yecan
Du none/for afterwarde ye wyll repent it full sore.

Frewyll.

Nay nay/I care not therfore.

Hyk scorner.

Cue whan my sole hangeth on the hedge/cake bones
For I tell the playnly by cockes bones
Thou shalt be gyued and layd in ysons
They feared euen so.

Pytie.

Why syr what haue I do.

Imagynacyon.

Well well/that thou shalte knowe or thou goo.

Pytie.

O syr/Ise it can not be amended
You do to me wronge/for I haue not offended
Remembre god that is our heuen kynge
For by wyll rewarde you after your deseruynge
When deth with his mace doth you arest
We all to hym awe fayte and seruyce
Fro the ladder of lyght downe he wyll the threst
Than mayster hyp may not helpe/nor great ollyet.

Frewyll.

What deth/and he were here he sholde syt by the
Trowest thou that he be able to stryue with vs thre
Nay nay nay.

Imagynacyon.

Well felowes/nowe let vs go our waye
For at shoters hyll we haue a game to playe.

Hyk scorner.

In good fayth I wyll tary no lenger space.

Frewyll.

I beshrew yow for me that is last out of this place

Pyte.

Loo lordes they maye curse the tyme they were borne
For the wedes ouer groweth the corne
They troubled me gyltles/and knewe not why
For goddes sous yet will I suffre paciently
We all may say welaway for synne that is now adays
No vertue is banyshed for euer and aye
Worse was it neuer
We haue plentye of great othes
And superfluyte of cloth in our clothes
But charytie many men lothes
Worse was it neuer
Alas now is lechery called loue indede
And murder namen manhode in euery nede
Extorcyon is called lawe so god be my spede
Worse was it neuer
Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyues
And cruel amonge true men lese theyr lyues
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mens wyues
Now adayes in Englande
Bawdes be dystroyers of many yonge women
And full lewde counseyle they gyue vnto them
How ye do mary/beware ye yonge men
The wyfe neuer taryed to longe
There be many great scorners
But for synne there be fewe mourners
We haue but fewe true louers
In no place now adayes
There be many goodly gylte knyues
And I trowe as well appareled wyues
Yet many of them be vnthryfty of theyr lyues
And all is set in pryde to go gaye
Wryes on syn do no correction

With gentylmen beareth trouth adowne
Aduoutry is suffered in euery towne
Amendement is there none
And gods commaundementes we brake them all ten
Deuocion is gone with many a sen
Let vs amende we true chrysten men
Or deth make you to grone
Courtyers go gay and take lytle wages
And many with harlots at the tauerne hauntes
They be yemenne of the weth that be shaked in gyues
On them selfe they haue no pytye
God punysheth full sore with great sykenes
As pockes/pestylence/purple/and axes
Some dyeth sodenly a deth full perylous
Yet was there neuer so great powerte
There be some sermons made by nobis doctours
But truly the fende doth stop they re eares
For god nor good man some people nor feares
Worse was it neuer
All treuth is not best sayde
And our prechers nowe adayes be halfe afrayde
Whan we do amende/god wolde be well apayde
Worse was it neuer.

Contemplacyon.

What mayster Pytie/howe is it with you.

Perseueraunce.

Syr we be sory to se you in this case nowe.

Pytie.

Bretherne here were thre perylous men
Frewyll/Hyckscorner/and Imagynacyon
They sayde I was a thefe/and layde felonye vppon me
And bounde me in yrons as ye may se.

Contemplacyon.

Where be the traytours become nowe.

Pytye.

In good fayth I can not shewe you

Perseuerance.

Brother/let vs vnbynde hym of his bandes.

Contemplacyon.

Vndo you the fete/and I shall lose the handes.

Pytye.

I thanke you for your great kyndnes
That you two shew me in this dystresse
For they were men without any mercye
They delyted all in myschefe and in tyranny.

Perseueracyon.

I thynke they wyll come hyther agayne
Frewyll and Imaginacyon both twayne
Them wyll I exhorte by vertuous lyuynge
And vnto vertue them to brynge
By the helpe of you Contemplacyon.

Contemplacyon.

Do by my counseyle brother Pytye
Go you and seke them through the countrs
In village/towne/and cytye
Throughout all the realme of Englande
Whan you them mete/lyghtely them arest
And in prysou that ye them kest
Bynde them surely in yrons stronge
For they be so false and suttyle
That they wyll you begyle
And do true men wronge.

Perseueracyon.

Brother Pytye/do as he hath sayd
In euer quarter loke you espye
And set good watche for them be layed
In all the halle you can/and that prouelye
For and they come hyther/they shall not scape

For all the crafte that they can make.

Pytie.

Cwell than wyll I hye me as fast as I may
And trauayle through euery countrey
Good watche shall be layde in euery waye
That they scape not in no fauchaye
Now fare well bretherne and pray for me
For I must go hence in dede.

Perseueraunce.

CNow god be your good spede.

Contemplacyon.

CAnd euer you defende whan you haue nede.

Pytie.

CNow brethren bothe I thanke you.

Frewyll.

CWake rome for a gentylman syrs and peace
Be wegarde seygnours tout le pience
And of your langlynge ye wyll ceace
I wyll tell you where I haue bene
Syrs I was at the tauerne and dranke wyne
Me thought I sawe a peace that was lyke wyne
And syr all my fyngers were tangled with lyne
So I conuayde a cup mauerly
And yet ywys I played all the foole
For there was a scollet of myne owne scole
And syr the hozeson espyed me
Than was I arested and brought to pylon
For wo than I wyst not what to haue done
And all bycause I lacked money
But a frende in courte is worth a penye in purse
For. Imagynacyon myne owne felowe I wis,
He dyd helpe me out full craftely
Syrs he walked through Holbourne
Thre houres after the sun was downe

And walked bywarde to saynt Gyles in the felde
He houed styll/and there beheld
But there he coulde not spede of his praye
And streyght to Ludgat he toke the waye
He wote that potycaryes wake very late
He came to a doze and prysely spake
To a prentyse for a peny wozth of vyzbium
And also for a halfpeny wozth of alum
This good seruaunt serued hym shortly.
And sayd/is there nought elles that ye wolde bye
Than asked he for a mouthfull of quicke brymstone
And down into the seller whan the seruaunt was gone
Asyde as he cast his eye
A great bagge of mony dyd he espye
Therin was an hundreth pounde
He trussed hym to his fete/and went his way rounde
He was legged at newgate at the swan
And euery man toke hym for a gentylman
So on the morow he delyuered me
Out of newgate by his polycye
And now wyll I daunce and make ryall chere
But I wolde that Imagynacyon were here
For he is perles at nede
Labour to hym syrs yf ye wyll your maters spede
Now wyll I synge and lustely sprynge
But whan my fetters on my legges dyd synge
I was not glad perde/but now hey trolly lolly
Who can synge descant vpon the same
To laugh and get mony/it where a good game
What whome haue we here
A preest/a doctoure/or a frere
What mayster doctour dotypoll
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll
Or dispute any diuinite

If ye be comynge/I wyll make a pyte
Good syr why do men eate mustarde with fatt bote
My questyon can you assoyle me.

Perseueracyon.

Peace man thou spekest lewdly
And of thy lyuynge I rede to amende the.

Frewyll.

Vnaunte carytye doest thou mocke me
I am comme of a good kynne I tell the
My mother was a lady of the fewes bloode bone
And knyght of the halter my father ware a bone
Therfore I take it in full great scorne
That thou sholdest thus checke me.

Contemplacyon.

Abyde felowe/thou canst lytell curtesye
Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens passe
For thou troubled pitte/and layde on hym felony
Where is Imaginacyon thy felow that was.

Frewyll.

I defye you bothe/wyll you arest me.

Perseuerancyon.

Nay nay thy greate wordes may not helpe the
From vs thou shalte not scape.

Frewyll.

Make rowme syrs/that I may breake his pate
I wyll not be taken for them bothe.

Contemplacyon.

Thou shalte abyde/whether thou be lefe or lothe
Therfore good sone lysten vnto me
And marke these wordes that I shall tell the
Thou hast folowed thyne owne wyll many a daye
And lyued in thy synne without amendement
Therfore in thy contrite assaye
To aske god mercy and kepe his commaundement

Than on the he wyll haue pitie
And bryngе the to heuen that ioyfull ete.

Frewyll.

What hoyesone wylte thou haue me now a foole
Nay yet had I leuer be captayne of Calays
Foy and I sholde do after youre scholе
To lerne to patter to make me peupsshe
Yet had I leuer to loke with a face full theuysshe
And therfore yate no longer here
Leest my knaues fyll hye you vnder the ere
What ye dawes/wolde you rede me
Foy to lese my pleasure in youth and iolyte
To balle and kysse my swete trully mully
As Jane/Kate/Belle/and Sybbe
I wolde that hell were full of suche pryntes
Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnes
As fast as I might go.

Perseueracyon.

Why sy/wylte thou not loue of god almyghty
And forsake thy synne for the loue of vertue.

Frewyll.

What god almyghty by goddes fast at Salysbury
And I trowe Elterdaye fell on wytsondaye that yere
There where. v. score saue an hondred in my company
And at pytte Judas we made royall chere
There had we good ale of Mygheimas brewynge
There heuen hye/leppynge and synygynge
And thus dyd I
Lepe out of Burdeaus vnto Caunterbury
Almoost ten myle bytwene.

Contemplacyon.

Frewyll forsake all this worlde wylfully here
And chaunge beryme/thou oughtest stande in fere
For fortune wyll turne her whele so swyfte

That clene fro thy welth the wyll the lyfte.

Free wyll.

What lyfte me/who and I magynacyō wher here no
wys with his fyst he wolde all to cloute you
Hens hozelone/tary no lenger here
Foz by sayute pyntell the pottis I swere
That I wyll dryue you both home
And yet I was neuer wonte to fyght alone
Alas that I had not one to holden me
Than ye sholde se me playe the man shamefully
Alas it wolde be me good to fyght
How say you fyrs/shall I smite
Hens amonge you by this lyght
Hens hozelones and home at ones
Oz with my weapon I shall breke your bones
Auaunte ye knaues/walke by my counsell.

Perseuerannce.

Son remembze the great paynes of hell
They are so hozryble/that no tongue can tell
Beware leest thou thyther go.

Frewyll.

Nay by sayut Mary/I hope not so
I wyll not goo too the deuyll whyle I haue my lyberte
He shall take the labour to fetch me and he wyll haue me
Foz he that wyll goo to hell by his wyll voluntary
The deuyll and the wohyle wrude go with hym
I wyll you neuer fro thens tydynges bryng
Go you before/and shew me the waye
And as to folowe I wyll not say naye
Foz by gods body/and ye be in anes
I wyll shut the doze by cockes bones
And than shall ye be taken in a pytfall.

Contemplacyon.

Now Jesus sone defende vs from that hole

For(qui est in infernis nullus est redemptio)
Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago.
¶ Frewyll.
¶ May I haue done/and ye lade out latyne with stropes
But therwith can you clouse me a payre of botes
By our lady ye sholde haue some werke of me
I wolde haue them well vnderlayd and callye
For I vse alway to go on the one syde
And trow ye how/by god in the stockes I sate tyde
I trowe thre wekes and more a lytle stounde
And there I laboured fore day by daye
And so I trode my sho inwarde in good faye
Lo therfore thynke ye must soole them rounde
¶ If ye haue any newe botes/a payre wolde I bye
But I thynke your pryce be to hye
Syr ones at Newgate I bought a payre of stertups
A myghty payre and a stronge
A hole yere I ware them so longe
But thrd came not fully to my knee
And to cloute them/it cost me not a penye
Euen now and ye goo thyther ye shall fynde a great heype
And you speke in my name/ye shall haue good chepe.
¶ Perseuerannce.
¶ Syr we neuer came thyther/ne neuer shall be.
¶ Frewyll.
¶ Mary I was taken in a trap there/and tyed by the toe
That I halted a great whyle after and myght not goo
I wolde ye bothe sate as faste there
Than sholde ye daunce as a bere
And all by tanglyng of your chaynes.
¶ Contemplacyon.
¶ Why syr were ye there.
¶ Frewyll.
¶ Ye/and that is sene by my hayres

For or I came there I was as wyse as a wodecocke
And I thanke god/as witty as a haddocke
Yet I trust to recouer as other dose
For and I had ones as meche wytte as a gose
I sholde be a marchaunte of the banke
Of golde than I sholde haue many a franke
For yf I might make. iii. good byages at Hoteres hyll
And haue wynde and wether at my wyll
Than wolde I neuer trauayle the see more
But it is harde to kepe the shyp fro the shore
And yf it happen to ryse a storme
Than thrown in a rage and so aboute borne
On rockes or broches for to renne
Or els to stryke on grounde at tyborne
That were a myscheuous case
For that coke of teborne is so perylous a place
Yonge galauntes dare not bentre in to kent
But whan they? money is gone and spent
With they? longe botes they rowe on the see
And yf any man of war lye by the waye
They must take a bote/and throw the helme hale
And full harde it is to scape that great iopardye
For at sayut Thomas of watryng and they strike sayle
Than must they ryde in the hauen of hempe without fayle
And were not these two ieoperdous places in dede
There is many a marchaunt that thider wold spede
But yet we haue a sure porte at westmynster
A thousande shyppes of theues therin may ryde sure
For yf they may haue anker holde and great spendynge
They may lyue as merely as any kyng.

¶ Perseueracyon.

¶ O syr that is a pyteous lyuynge
Than ye drede not the greate mayster aboue
Some forsake thy mysgyuynge for his loue

And than mayst thou come to the blysse alle.

Frewyll.

Cwhy/what wolde you that I shulde do.

Contemplacyon.

Cfor to go to warde heuen.

Frewyll.

CWary and you wyll me thyther brynge
I wyll do after you.

Perseueraunce.

CI pray you remembre my wordes nowe
Frewyll bethynke the that thou shalt dye
And of the houre thou arte vncertayne
Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde remedye
Forgod thou dye in syn/all thy labour is in vayne
Than shall thy soule be fyll in payne
Lost and dampned for euermore
Helpe is past/though thou wolde fayne
Than thou wylt curse the tyme thou were bore.

Frewyll.

CSyr yf ye wyll vndertake that I saued shall be
I wyll do all the penaunce that ye wyll gyue me.

Contemplacyon.

CLet that thou for thy synnes be sory
Our lorde wyll forgyue the them.

Frewyll.

CMowe of all my synnes I aske god mercy
Here I forsake synne/and trust to amende
I beseche Jesu that is so myghty
To forgyue me all/wherin I dyd offende.

Perseueraunce.

COur lorde wyll nowe shewe the his mercy
If nowe name thou nedest none to haue
For all that wyll to heuen dye
By his owne frewyll he must forsake folye.

Than is he sure and sane.

Contemplacyon.

Holde here a newe garment
And herafter lyue deuoutly
And for thy synnes do euer repent
Sorowe for thy synnes is very remedy
And frewyll euer vertue apply
Also to sadnes gyue you attendaunce
Let hym neuer be out of your remembraunce.

Frewyll.

I wyll neuer goo from you syr Perseuerannce
With you wyll I abyde bothe day and nyght
Of mynde neuer to be varyable
And goddes commaundementes for kepe them ryght
In worde and dede/and euer full stable.

Perseuerannce.

Than heuen thou shalt haue without fable
But loke that thou be euer stedfast
And let thy mynde with good wyll last.

Imagynacyon.

Hussh hussh hussh/who sent after me
I am Imagynacyon full of iolyte
Lorde that my herte is lyght
Whan shall I pery sh/I trowe neuer
By Chryst I recke not a fether
Euen now I was dubbed a knyght
And where/at tyburne of the colles
And of the stewes I am made controlles
Of all the houses of lechery
There shall no man play doctry there
At the bell/hartes heade/or elles where
Without they haue leue of me
But syr woote ye why I am comune hyther
By our lady/to gather company together

Sawe ye not of my felowe Frewyll
I am afrede leest he be serchyng on a hyll
By god than one of vs is begyled
What felowe is this/that in this cote is tyled
Cockes beth/whome haue we here
What Frewyll myne owne fere
Auo thou out of thy mynde.

Frewyll.

God graunt the way to heuen I may fynde
For I forsake thy company.

Imagynacyon.

Goddes armes/my company/ and why.

Frewyll.

For thou lyuest so synfully.

Imagynacyon.

Alas tell me how is it with the.

Frewyll.

Forsake thy synne for the loue of me.

Imagynacyon.

Cockes herte arte thou madde.

Frewyll.

Whanne I thynke on my synne/it maketh me sadde.

Imagynacyon.

Goddes wondes who gaue the that counsell.

Frewyll.

Perseueraunce and Contemplacyon I the tell.

Imagynacyon.

I wolde they were bothe at the deuyll of hell.

Frewyll.

Amende Imagynacyon and merry crye.

Imagynacyon.

By goddes fydes I had leuer be hanged on hye
Nay that wyll I not/I had leuer dye
By goddes passyon an I habbe a longe knyfe

I wolde bereue thele horelones of theyr lyfe
Ho we twenty pounde for a dagger.

Contemplacyon.

Peace good sonne and spake softer
And amende or elth drawe his draughte
For on the he wyll stele full softe
He gyueth neuer no man warnynge
And euer to the he is commynge
Therfore remembre the well.

Imagynacyon.

A horelone/yf I were sayler of hell
I wys some sorowe shoulde thou seale
For to the deuyll I wolde the sell
Than sholde ye haue many a sory meale
I wolde neuer gyue you meate nor drynke
Ye sholde fast horelones tyll ye dyd stynke
Euen as a rottene dogge/ye by sayncte Thomas of kent.

Perseueraunce.

Imagynacyon thynke what god dyd for the
On good frydaye he was hanged on a tre
And spent all his precyous bloode
A spere dyd sryue his hert in sonder
The gates he brake vp with a clap of thunder
And Adam and Eue there delyuered he.

Imagynacyon.

What the deuyll is that to me
By goddes fast I was ten yere in Newgate
And me felowes I had that with me sate
Yet he neuer came there to helpe me/ne my company.

Contemplacyon.

Yes he holpe the/or thou haddest not ben here nowe.

Imagynacyon.

By the masse I can not shewe you
For he and I neuer dranke togyther

Yet I drede many an ale stake
Nor to the stewes ywys he came not thyder
Gods he strayde in whyte or blacke
For and he out of prison had holpen me
I knowe well ones I shulde hym haue se
What gowne weareth he I pray you.

Perseueraunce.

Syr he dyd help you by his myght.

Imaginacyon.

I can not tell you by this lyght
But me thought that I lay there to longe
And the fetters of the hozelone were so stronge
They had almost brought my nerues out of ioynt.

Perseueraunce.

Amende lone/and thou shalt know hym
That delyuered the out of prison
And yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse
Surely thou shalte comme to the blysse
And be one of electe chyldren of heuen.

Imaginacyon.

What syr aboue the mone
Nay by the masse/than shulde I fall soone
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye
But for to clymme for a brydes nest
There is none betwene est and west
That dare therto better venter than I
But to venter to heuen/what and my fete slyppe
I knowe well than I shulde breake my necke
In by god than had I the worst tyde
Yet had I leuer be by the nose tyde
In a wenches ars some where
Rather than I wolde stande in that greate fere
For to go vp to heuen/naye I praye you let be.

Frewyll.

Imagynacyon wylte thou doo by the counseyle of me.

Imagynacyon.

Ye syr by my trouth/what that euer it be.

Fre wyll.

Amende yet for my sake
It is better betyme than to late
How say you/wyll you gods commaundementes fulfyll.

Imagynacyon.

I wyll do syr/euen as you wyll
But I pray you let me haue a newe cote
Whan I haue nede/and in my purse a grote
Than wyll I dwell with you syll.

Fre wyll.

Beware/for whan thou arte buryed in the grounde
Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde
Remembre this syll.

Imagynacyon.

Nothyng drede I so sore as deth
Therfore to amende/I thynke it be tyme
Synne haue I vsed all the dayes of my breth
With pleasure/lechery and mysusynge
And spent amysse my .v. wyttes/therfore am I sory
Here of my synnes I aske god mercy.

Perseueraunce.

Holde here is a better clothynge for the
And loke that thou forsake foly
Be stedfast/loke that thou fall neuer.

Imagynacyon.

Now here I forsake my synne for euer.

Fre wyll.

Syr wayte you now on Perseueraunce
For thy name shall be called good remembraunce
And I wyll dwell with Contemplacyon
And folowe hym where he become.

Contemplacyon.

Well/are ye so both agreed.

Imaginacyon.

Ye syr/so god me spede.

Perseueraunce.

Syr ye shall wayte vpon me soone
And be gods seruaunte day and nyght
And in euery place where ye become
Gyue good counseyle both day and nyght
And menne aske youre name/tell them remembraunce
That gods lawe kepeth truly euery day
And loke that ye forgete not repentaunce
Than to heuen ye shall goo the next waye
Where ye shall se in the heuenly quere
The blessed company of sayntes so holy
That lyued deuoutly whyle they were here
Unto the whiche blysse/I beseche god almyghty
To bryngе there your soules that here be present
And vnto vertuous lyuynge that we may apply
Truly to kepe his commaundemente
Of all mythes here we make endyng
Unto the blysse of heuen Jesu ous soules bryngе.

God sаue the kynge.

Thus endeth the enterlude of Wycke scorner. Imprinted at London in Fosters lane by Johñ Waley.